

HARRINGTON

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July 12, 1972

Lieutenant General Vernon A. Walters
Deputy Director
Central Intelligence Agency
Washington, D. C.

Dear Dick,

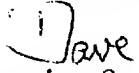
Sorry not to have had the chance to talk with you on my one day whirlwind D.C. trip. I do expect to return again in a few weeks with much more time.

In going through my papers I came across the enclosed from Jackie Martin who died some time ago. She may have sent one to you but in any event here is another.

I do have one particular project in mind that might be of interest to you. Therefore will alert you in sufficient time of next visit. Of course I would be delighted to see you here in New York at any time.

With best wishes.

Sincerely,


Davis O. Harrington

DOH/jcb

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1967-1968

Jacobs Martin
 NATIONAL PRESS BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D.C. * MF 6165
 Dear - I'm sure you know Gen. Walters.
 Thought you would appreciate this.
 Best, Kathie

It is wonderful to be home for Christmas and the New Year.

I have just returned after two interesting months in Europe on an official Government assignment. During this time of fine new contacts, I was able to see my friends and co-workers of the Marshall Plan years in Paris, and also to retrace steps taken in WWII as a war correspondent with the Allied Sixth Army Group--American Seventh Army and First French Army.

Thanksgiving Day was spent photographing the U.S. Military Cemetery at Epinal in the Vosges Mountains. As I worked, it grew increasingly cold, and out of a deep fog came row upon row of crosses. Some of them carried the names of boys I'd had Thanksgiving dinner with 23 years ago. They had been young, and gay, that day. And they all shared one constant, fervent thought--to finish what had to be done and get home.

As I stood there in the enveloping fog, I remembered well their faces. They had indeed finished the job for us. But they didn't get home. I took off my glove, and, as I walked back to the Visitors House, I touched white marble here, and here, and said, "Thank you, thank you." There was no answer in that vast, beautiful quietude save the last of the red and gold leaves falling thru the branches of the trees.

Before beginning this recent assignment for Gen. Jacob L. Devers, Chairman, and Maj.Gen. Thomas North, Secretary, of the American Battle Monuments Commission, I paid my respects at our Embassy in Paris.

Ambassador Charles Bohlen was kind as always, and I deeply appreciated his interest and wise guidance.

Maj.Gen. Vernon Walters, the Military Attaché, had just come back from Vietnam. With a rare clarity he shared his knowledge of the principles, forces and interests involved in this war, and he paid the highest tribute to our men there.

At the end of our talk he quoted a poem which left me sad and silent, without an answer in my heart.

Later, I asked the General for a copy of that poem. I give it to you now to think about in this new year, during which we can love and laugh, see beauty and know the special joy of freedom.

Dear Lord
 Lest I continue
 My complacent way
 Help me to remember
 Somewhere out there
 A man died for me today

As long as there be war
 I then must
 Ask and answer
 Am I worth dying for.